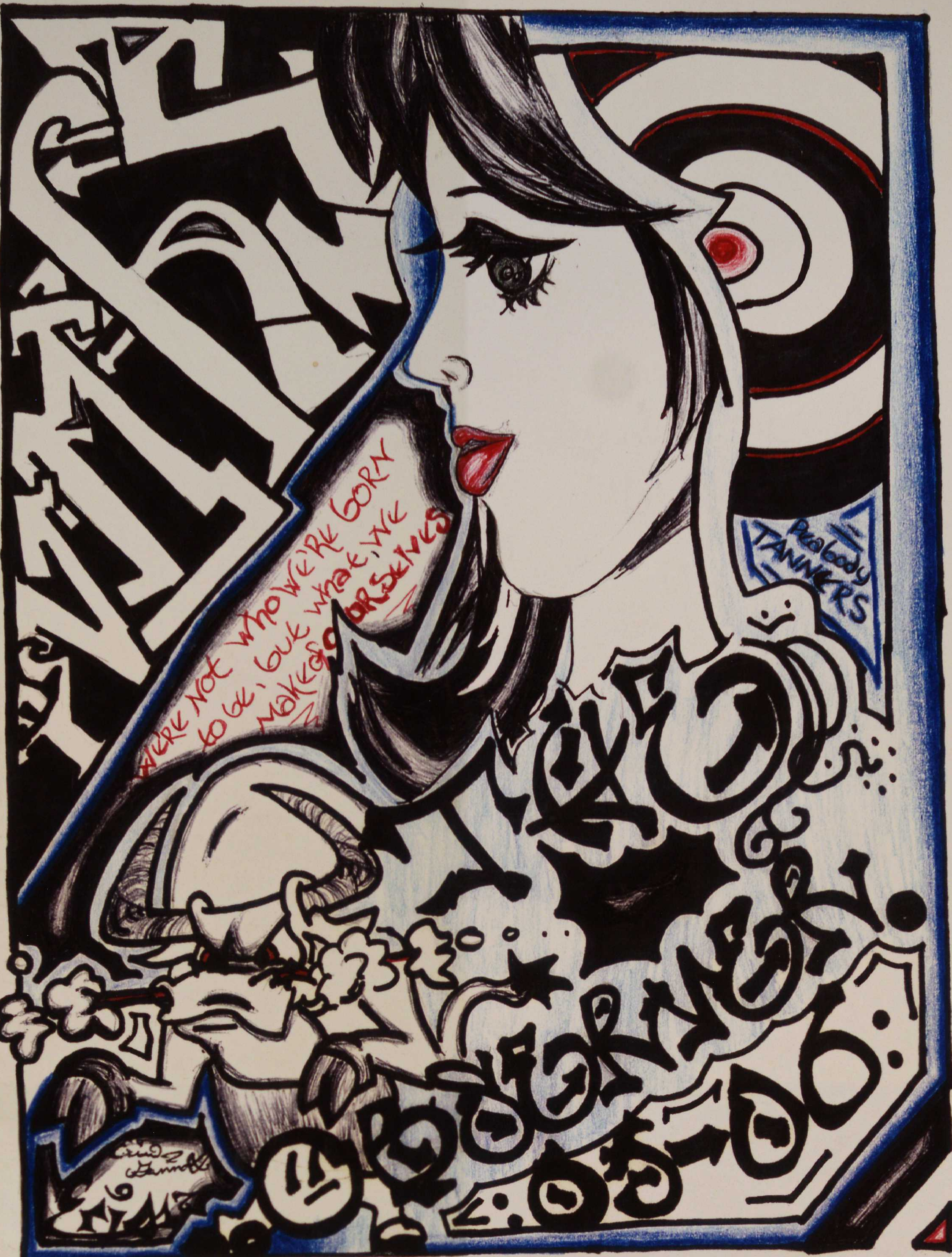

We're not who we're born to be, but what we make of ourselves
Peabody
TANNERS

This literary magazine is a small representative sample of the quality artistic expressions that spontaneously evolve every day here at Peabody High. We all learn from unique voices and visions if we keep our minds open.

The 2005/06 *Observer* would not have been possible without the dedication and hard work of the Editorial Staff.

Ralph Carpinelli
Michael Englehardt
Sam Goldberg
Jill Mazzetta

Special thanks to Erin Gannon for the cover art.

Thank you to all the talented writers, poets and artists who had the courage to submit their work.

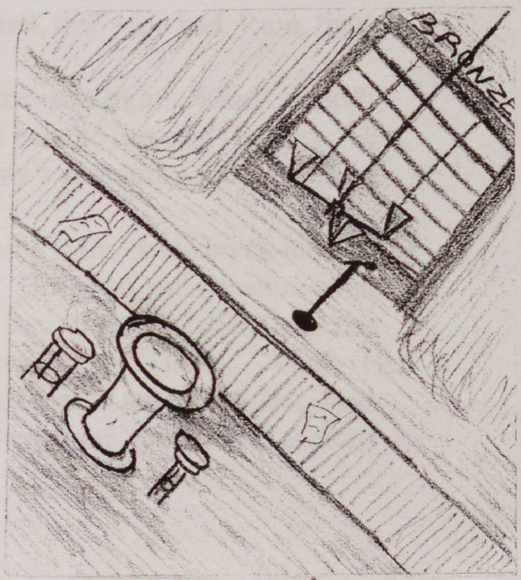
"One True Thing"

By Eddie Valentio

It brings pain and misery
as well as it brings happiness and joy
The overwhelming feeling strikes you
but the break is harder than anything
you feel your heart shudder as cold wet drops run down your cheeks
your perspective of life is completely changed
but move on
for it is only one flower in life's garden

Love is but of a mystery in life
it brings sadness and heartache
blinds us from everything
and takes our heart in a second
when showing this affection
you are but putting your heart in your lover's hand
from him just making a fist
may burn you from the inside
even though love can be so cold it can also be desire
it can be a warm feeling like a couple sitting in front of a fire cuddling together
bringing excitement and confidence
Love is but a mystery in Life

life is but a mere treasure
you may live it to the fullest
or it may disappear in front of you
never take advantage of anything given to you
for before you know it, it will all be gone
treat everything as it was your last day
for Death may come upon you
it is not the best of things
but it will hit you as a bat strikes a ball
in a mere second
don't let events or people get you down
for life is too short to live with doubt
life is but a mere treasure



By Ralph Carpinelli

Excerpts from
And the Stars Never Rise!
by Jerimiah Bergstrom

The little girl of eight who has never dealt with trauma in her short, beautiful life (except, of course, when her goldfish, Pooty, died, she never cried, though) stepped down from the last step of the school bus. She started up the steps and opened the front door.

"Mommy, I'm home! What's for snack?" Not noticing the silence that followed her question, the little eight-year-old girl with the angelic eyes walked past the laundry room and into the kitchen.

Perhaps if she had been just a *little* bit taller, she might not have noticed her mother's form, tied up and gagged, underneath the kitchen table. *But,* being only eight (and a small eight at that), she noticed the gruesome sight almost immediately. Her eyes grew even *wider* at the sight of her mother's still and crimson self, her eyes on the little girl with a confused and dazed stare. Their eyes locked. A few muffled groans escaped her mother's mouth, but whatever words were trying to form were put to death by the torn piece of her own shirt. The little girl stared at her mother with those wide, enchanting eyes and wanted to say something to the fashion of *Mommy! What happened? What's going on?* Confused (but not scared) out of her mind, she almost welcomed the stalwart hands that gripped her torso and shoved her forward, almost welcomed the brief moment of blinding pain as her head collided with the counter top . . .

She awoke to a scene quite unlike the one she left. She was in the living room, under the piano. Next to her was her mother, tied up in the same fashion. Straight across from them, lying on the couch with his hands behind his back as if he was about to take a nap was a man. This man was tall, because his feet dangled off the edge of the couch, very clean-shaven, and wearing beige khakis and a black button down shirt. He had a clever, horrible grin slapped on his face. His eyes were weary, as if he had been up a thousand nights and had not wished to see another sunrise.

"Emily! You look scared, doll. You don't need to be scared of me. I won't hurt a hair on your head . . . just as long as your mommy gives me something that is mine. You ready to hand it over, Rose? You ready to give it up? 'Cause if you're not, that's too bad, Rose, that's just . . . " he walked into the kitchen, "too," he yelled, "bad."

The girl's eyes widened. What. Was. Going. On?! This isn't right! *What?* Forks?! That's not... four forks! NO NO NO NO NO! I . . . he can't be here he just can't be here. He's going to hurt mommy but he can't hurt mommy because mommy's a mommy and mommies DON'T . . . GET . . . HURT!

The girl with the unreal eyes squiggled in her binds, seeing if she could break loose. She closed those big eyes of hers and brought herself back to focus. Her mom and her were bound up on the floor of the living room of their house by a man with four of their kitchen forks that she had no idea what he was going to do with them but *that shouldn't be!* Think . . . think. Her ropes are tied tight. No getting out of that. Any way to convince him to untie her? But what would she do then? Untie mommy? *He* would notice. Well, then, there's nothing. Just wait until an opportunity shows.

Eight Years Ago

He couldn't do this. Too many births, too many deaths. He had absorbed so much life he's fed up with it. He . . .

"Doctor! The patient's blood pressure is dangerously low, should we do a transfusion?" The doctor looked at the nurse who spoke to him.

"No. Just ride this birth out as normal." But that was the thing; almost nothing about this birth was normal. The patient came in for an ultrasound to check on the baby, because she was getting very late with the birth when BAM! Her water broke and she went into labor right in the waiting room. And the mother didn't look like she was going to make it. She had lost too much blood.

"Doctor!" the nurse again. He looked down and . . . the baby was out . . . The baby was beautiful. Her eyes were open, and by god they were HUGE.

"Doctor, the patient's blood pressure is at zero." Goddamn, *the* decision. Live or die, it was his decision. He knew one thing, though, the baby had to *live*. He looked at the clock. "Time of death, 11:35." And he walked out of the room with the baby and down the hallway to another room.

The doctor ended up switching this little chick with another woman's baby whom he knew was stillborn. The records show one perfect birth and one dead mother and child. Miraculously, he wasn't found out. But he was stripped of his license to practice because of a "needless death." Irony at its best, no?

Pooty was a goldfish that had been around for as long as Emily could remember and ever since her first sight of the goldfish, she knew there was something a little different than a regular fish in that tank. Since that first glance, she would always climb up on top of her mommy's bureau and just talk to it. And what made Pooty so great was that he would never move while Emily was talking to him, but not only that, he would *listen.*

On this particular afternoon, she couldn't wait to talk to Pooty, it had been her first day of preschool and boy, did she have a lot to tell him. Her mommy unlocked the door and she burst in, running towards the bedroom. Rose grabbed her arm and sounded off a nervous laugh.

"Honey, have a seat."

"But I want to talk to Pooty!"

"Have a SEAT!" Needless to say, she sat. Rose sat down next to her and looked Emily straight in her natural eyes.

"Honey, Pooty's dead."

"Dead?" Confusion.

"Yes, dead. It means you go to sleep forever, you can't wake up, gone." Emily jerked up from her seat and dashed to the dresser. What she saw stayed with her forever. Pooty was floating belly up at the top of the tank, his normally eerily bright eyes completely black. Emily went into total shock. She fell off the bureau like a stone, not moving and hit the ground likewise. Mommy came running behind her, fearing the worst. Rose just sat there for hours with Emily cradled in her arms. The fall shook her, but she never cried, no, never cried.

It was time for the fun to begin. The man jumped off the couch and landed near Rose. He made sure the girl was watching, why, that was half of the fun!

Eight Years Ago

He couldn't do this. Too many births, too many deaths. He had absorbed so much life [illegible] up with it. He. . .

"Doctor! The patient's blood pressure is dangerously low, should we do a transfusion?" The doctor looked at the nurse who spoke to him.

"No. Just ride this birth out as normal." But that was the thing, almost nothing about this birth was normal. The patient came in for an ultrasound to check on the baby, because she was getting very late with the birth when BANG! Her water broke and she went into labor right in the waiting room. And the mother didn't look like she was going to make it. She had lost too much blood.

"Doctor!" the nurse again. He looked down and . . . the baby was out . . . The baby was beautiful. Her eyes were open, and by god they were BLUE.

"Doctor, the patient's blood pressure is at zero." Goddamn, the decision. Live or die, it was his decision. He knew one thing, though, the baby had to live. He looked at the clock. "Time of death, 11:35." And he walked out of the room with the baby and down the hallway to another room.

The doctor ended up switching that little blue-eyed girl with another woman's baby, whose [illegible] was stillborn. The records show one perfect birth and one dead mother and child. [illegible], he wasn't figured out. But he was stripped of his license to practice because of a [illegible] death. Known or not, eh?

Pooky was a goldfish that had been around for as long as Emily could remember and ever since her first sight of the goldfish, she knew there was something a little different than a regular fish in that tank. Since that first glance, she would always climb up on top of her mommy's dresser and just talk to it. And what made Pooky so great was that he would never move while Emily was talking to him, but not only that, he would *listen*.

On this particular afternoon, she couldn't wait to talk to Pooky, it had been her first day of preschool and boy, did she have a lot to tell him. Her mommy unlocked the door and she went in, running towards the bedroom. Rose grabbed her arm and [illegible] off a [illegible] with.

"Honey, have a seat."

"But I want to talk to Pooky!"

"Have a SEAT!" she tried to say, [illegible]. Rose sat down next to her and looked Emily straight in her sapphire eyes.

"Honey, Pooky's dead."

"Dead?" Confusion.

"Yes, dead. It means you go to sleep forever, you can't wake up again." Emily jumped up from her seat and dashed to the dresser. What she saw stayed with her forever. Pooky was floating belly up at the top of the tank, his formerly sunny bright eyes completely black. Emily went into total shock. She refused the reality like a statue, not moving and [illegible] the moment. Mommy came running behind her, fearing the worst. Rose just sat there for hours with Emily cradled in her arms. She had [illegible] her, but she never cried, not even once.

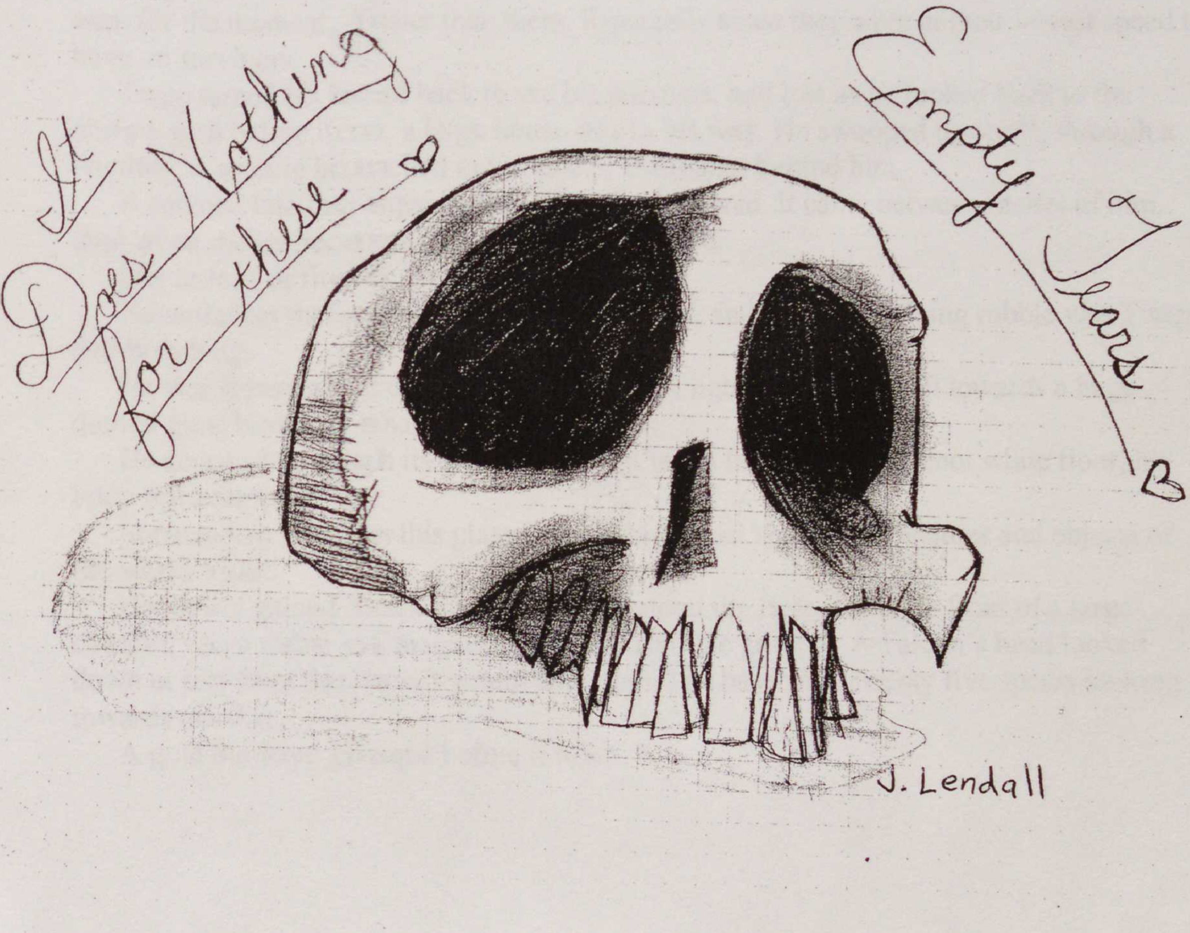
It was time for the last attempt. The man jumped off the bench and headed [illegible] Rose. He made sure the girl was watching now, that was part of the fun.

"Rose? Hey Rose?" He slapped her. She was already awake but it was fun. "Don't fall asleep on me, Rose, the fun's just about to start." He took one of the forks and started twirling it between his fingers. He took a glance to the girl, then thrust the fork into Rose's bicep. She writhed in pain, and he loved it.

"Wasn't that *fun,* Rose? Wasn't that a blast?" He got another fork twirling between his fingers, then jabbed it into her stomach. "Yeah, isn't life a blast, Rose? ISN'T IT?" Her eyes widened as much as they could and the rag in her mouth turned a deep crimson. She started shaking and doubling up on herself, but oh, it was fun.

MOMMY! NONONONONONO MOMMYYYY! Emily was screaming in her head, but nothing came out of her mouth. This man was hurting her indestructible mommy. She tried to reason, but all she came up with was panic. She did all she could do, started gnawing on the cloth in her mouth. Two forks were already in, he had two more to go, she dreaded where. Then the third went in, the upper thigh, but she didn't twitch very much, she was blind to the pain, her body was preparing her to die. She kept on gnawing, gnawing, gnawing. Oh no oh no oh no, he was raising the fourth fork. His arm was placed and . . . god oh god oh god no, it was going to go in her neck. Her bright, beautiful eyes widened and the arm went down wider down wider down wider down . . . Rose started jerking violently, blood was leaking from five places, then she was still, dead in her living room in a pool of blood.

The cloth gave way. Emily opened her mouth and closed her eyes and yelled, screamed, bellowed a word. A word that boomed and echoed through the room, house, street. The voice was horrible, yet beautiful. It sung of the love of her mother and the pain of never again. Now she could cry for her mother, she could cry for Pooty, for her own lost purity, she could cry for everything.


It Does Nothing for these ♡
Empty Tears ♡

J. Lendall

Erihs

By Samuel Goldberg

A Falcon by the name of Twep floated a few feet within an alleyway of two floating buildings of Erihs. His small force of Falcon defenders were behind him, armed with shining helmets and spears.

He turned to his men, "For Erihs."

"For Erihs."

"Let's do this!" screamed Twep and he led his men up and into the battle.

His soldiers, on both his left and right, vanished into blood soaked puffs of feathers.

For just a second two planes appeared in each of their places; their wings were huge machine guns with jets in their rear.

The two planes reared about and headed back for him.

And he soared towards them, narrowly cutting between them and slicing at one's wing as he went.

His spear broke in two.

Its tip shattered once it hit the metal of the wing.

Weaponless he dove down towards the streets, the two planes turned about; missiles came from below their wings. The buildings just behind him exploded into rubble and shrapnel.

And the buildings before them suffered the same fate.

His foe followed him from above, trying to collapse the buildings upon him, but he was, for the moment, faster than them. Especially since they were at their lowest speed to have no survivors.

Twep turned his head back to see his pursuers, and just as he looked back to the narrow path before him, a large house was in his way. He swooped upwards, through a window. A missile launched out of one of the planes behind him.

It zoomed into the square room Twep had entered. It came between inches of him. And when inches became millimeters, it exploded.

But instead of fire it exploded green.

Nevertheless the small apartment burst apart, and within the flying rubble was Twep, still breathing.

He was separated from the wreckage by his light weight and fell towards a huge domed glass birdcage shaped building below.

He smashed through its glass outer shell in his fall; and onto a cool white floor, his body fell near limp.

Surrounding him, in this glass cage within a vast battle, were statues and objects of the world's past.

He slowly gained back his strength and stood up. Before him, in front of a large column, was a statue of magma exploding from the ground. A Falcon's head looked down at him from the lava's zenith and around its base were twenty five spears looking towards the sky.

A gold bordered plaque before it read:

'Yerup, ancient god of our people. The twenty five speared Yerup was ruler of both the underworld and over world. The supreme God of our people for over two thousand years.'

The glass behind him burst open, but nothing could be seen where it had broken. Twep, thinking it was debris, looked back upon the god of yore.

A clang echoed through the empty museum. And from behind a stone door with Yerup's face, came an armored form. It was more than seven feet tall, huge arms and legs supporting a massive torso, all of which was underneath heavy black armor with large spikes completing the package.

Slowly it raised its hand, a large blood red pistol within it.

Twep jumped off the ground and flew to the ancient speared statue. He rammed himself against one of spears. It broke off; his claws grabbed it and flung it towards his enemy.

It shattered on his armor as a laser bolted out of the pistol and went through his wing and into the statue and column behind.

Another blast came, but Twep was already upon the floor in pain. And the foe put back his gun, and beneath his armor he sneered as he walked towards the ailing Falcon, with all the intentions of squishing its feeble form with his foot.

And he put his foot upon the Falcon.

And a green light erupted at the city's center.

The glass dome cracked and fell, four shards falling like a box around the foe and Falcon. They sliced through the cool floor and the cloud beneath it. And the floor slipped and fell with it.

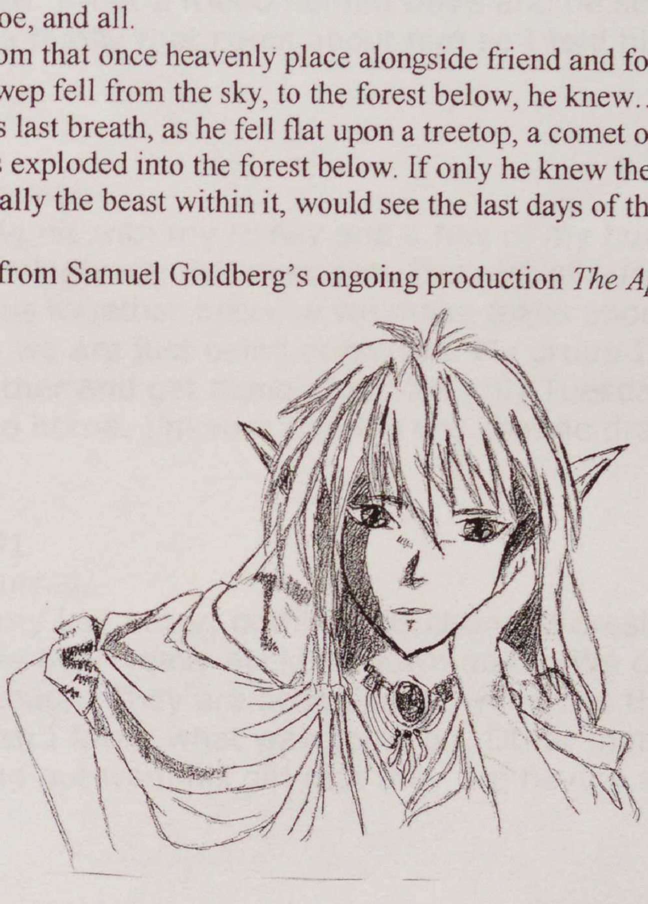
Falcon, Foe, and all.

He fell from that once heavenly place alongside friend and foe alike.

And as Twep fell from the sky, to the forest below, he knew… that the battle was lost.

Before his last breath, as he fell flat upon a treetop, a comet of green and white swirling mass exploded into the forest below. If only he knew then that that comet, or more specifically the beast within it, would see the last days of this world.

-Excerpt from Samuel Goldberg's ongoing production *The Apple Of Mankind Trilogy*



11/2/05 PER 2. Lauren Repecko

"Thrag, ancient god of our people. The twenty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ruler of [illegible] the [illegible] and your world. The supreme God of our people [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

The glass behind him burst open, but nothing could be seen ahead of his Kerakos. Twep, thinking it was debris, walked back upon the end of [illegible].

Yelling echoed through the caves [illegible]. And from [illegible] [illegible] down with Twep's fleet came an armored form. It was more than seven feet tall, long arms and legs supporting a massive torso, all of which was [illegible] heavy black armor, with large spikes completing the package.

Slowly it raised its head, a large [illegible] red [illegible] a [illegible] it.

Twep [illegible] off the ground and flew to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. He [illegible] himself a [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] off, his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] toward his enemy.

It shattered on its armor as a large [illegible] out of the [illegible] and went through the wing and into the plane, and [illegible] [illegible].

Another blast came, but Twep was already away [illegible] [illegible] in pain. And the [illegible] back his arm, and beneath his armor he [illegible] as he [illegible] towards the [illegible] Falcon, with all the [illegible] of [illegible] its [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

And he put his fist upon the Falcon.

And a green light [illegible] at the [illegible] [illegible].

The glass dome cracked and fell, [illegible] like a [illegible] around the [illegible] Falcon. They sliced through the steel floor and the cloud beneath it. And the [illegible] slipped and fell with it.

Falcon, Twep, and all.

He fell from that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible].

And as Twep fell from the sky, to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But the battle was lost.

Before his last breath, as he fell, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and white [illegible] mass exploded into the [illegible]. [illegible], he knew that the [illegible], or more specifically the beast within it, would [illegible] [illegible] world.

Excerpts from Samuel Gallows's upcoming game title The [illegible] Of [illegible] [illegible]

Oil Makes Us Bleed: A "Dear Journal" War Story

By Diana Mariano

June 19th, 2001

Dear Journal,

Hi, it's me, Kevin. I just signed up for the military for the next six years. I need to do something with my life to prove to my dad that I'm not just a college dropout. I'm in training for the next 6 months starting Monday. I get to come home on weekends, but until then I'm in South Carolina. This experience will either make me or break me; at least there is no war so I won't have to see any real action any time soon. I'll keep you posted on how everything's going in South Carolina.

June 30th, 2001

Dear Journal,

This has only been the first week and it is tough. We are up at the crack of dawn, eat a quick breakfast, and we're out until sunset. Lunch is 20 minutes long and we get anything from mac and cheese to hamburgers. Dinner is the same variety as lunch, but it is 30 minutes long. After dinner we hit the set of showers with no shower curtains and then hit the hay. One guy was fooling around and they made him stay extra late and do drills around the obstacle course. I met a friend named Dave and he seems cool, but he doesn't have a family that cares about him so I told him to come home with me.

July 3rd, 2001

Dear Journal,

Dave was a big hit with my family and a few of my buddies. My mom loves him and surprisingly my dad does too. The rest of our military group thinks we are hilarious together because we make jokes about some of our commanders; we are just being ourselves. My group I hang with is cool; we all like each other and get along. Well, it's only Tuesday and I have until Saturday to go home. I'm sure nothing will change drastically, but I'll keep you posted.

July 31st, 2001

Dear Journal,

Like I said in my last entry, nothing has changed drastically, except the sergeants have been really buckling down on us. We cannot get away with the slightest cough. They are acting really weird like they know something we don't. I wish I knew what was going on. Other than that, everyone is fine. Kirk found out from his girl that they are having a Kirk Junior. It must

be nice knowing you have the love of your life and your future child by your side. Dave and I have a great relationship like that, except there will be no kids for us. We both know that we always have each other's back. Well, early to bed, early to rise. I'll keep you posted if these sergeants don't kill us by then.

September 11th, 2001

Dear Journal,

We just watched the news and the twin towers have fallen. We were told President Bush has declared war on Iraq and some of us will continue the rest of our training in Iraq in case they need more troops. I pray to God that my buddies and I don't have to leave. Everyone is being sent home and if we get a phone call then we are leaving. No one wants to go, but there's unfortunately there is nothing we can do except pray for our lives. Dave is coming home with me and if I get a phone call he is going too because he is staying with me. I hope Kirk gets to see his baby if he has to leave. I can't even imagine what is going through his mind right now. I'll keep you posted.

5 weeks later in Iraq,

Dear Journal,

I don't have much time to talk, but all I can see is hate, burning of our flags, and dead soldiers and Iraqis. We have entered the training camp, which is supposedly safe for us, but I don't trust it. I remember being a teenager and just wanting away from home and to be free, but now I want to go back home. I'm ok right now and everyone is safe. Kirk showed us a picture of his baby and he looks just like him. Something that broke my heart was when I saw some of our soldiers get on a bus because they served their time and were going to the airport to go home, but then a sergeant told them to get off and they needed soldiers to stay. Half of them were crying and the others looked as if they wanted to kill someone. We just want out of here. I'll keep you posted.

Dear Journal,

This will be my last entry…to my mom and dad- I love you both and I did what I had to do. Dave will take over for me at home; you will both see some of me in his personality. Hey Dave! I'll miss you man. You were like a brother to me and I' m leaving my room and everything in it to you. Out of all my buddies I'll miss you the most. To my army buddies- stay close and keep Dave company. Make sure you tell Kirk Jr. how brave his daddy was. Don't forget me. Homeboys of Charlotte: be good and don't get into too much trouble. And finally,

Dear Journal,

Thanks. To bad I can't take you with me, but I leave you to Dave. He'll keep you posted.

Chapter One Alternating Chapters

By: Stacy Carrol Dawn Luis Richard Augusto Steve Cunha
Rishelle Whitcoomb Kris Forrestoire Samantha Rosana

David Peterson lost his mother to her battle with opiates at the age of thirteen. She had tried to beat the disease but she either wasn't ready or strong enough. He now lives with his father in an old rundown trailer that once belonged to his Grandpa Rich. His father was a drunk who barely acknowledged David except when he needed him to run to the kitchen and grab him another beer from the fridge. He was also abusive to him, but David still loved his father because he was all he had left.

They were a poor family, and David often got made fun of because of the clothes he wore and the place from which he came. "White Trash" is what they called him at school, and the teachers didn't do much to stop the other students from teasing David. "They're high school kids," they thought, "It's just harmless teasing." He often came home after school, almost always to find his father passed out on the recliner in the living room from being so intoxicated, went into his room, played his guitar to help get his feelings out and deal with his emotions, and went to sleep every night wiping at least one tear from his eye.

David learned how to play guitar from his grandfather, before they stopped talking. It was his dad's father. Grandpa Rich had told them he would no longer be around to support his son's drinking habit and would not stick around to see what other damage would be done. He was the only person David had ever felt close to. His mother had always been high on drugs or dope-sick from not having her drugs.

Although David did not approve of his mother's drug use, he liked her more when she was high because she was a happy person. She would laugh with David and talk with him, except for the occasional times when she would nod off. But when she was dope-sick and needed her drugs, she was a horrible sight. She looked so miserable you couldn't talk to her. David would try to make her happy because he hated seeing his mother like that, but the only thing that truly made her happy was drugs.

David had been somewhat close to his father before his drinking became a problem. They would do normal father-son activities: play catch, go fishing, and watch the game together, but his father took up drinking to deal with the stress caused by trying to help his wife off her addiction. What was once a couple of drinks a night soon turned into a couple bottles a night and what was once yelling and screaming at David when he was angry turned into hitting and kicking along with the screaming and threatening. David saw what drugs and alcohol did to his family and vowed never to get into that lifestyle and temptation that corrupted his father and put his mother in her grave.

David felt that he was all alone in the world. He had had a few friends throughout his childhood, but as they grew up, they decided they did not want to associate with the kid who was always made fun of because they might become a part of the teasing as well, and who wants to be a loser? David didn't have anyone he could call a friend. There were a select few who felt bad for him and tried to talk to him sometimes, but none of them would be caught dead talking to him outside of school. Most of the time he felt helpless and alone. A couple of people told him that talking about his feelings could help, but why talk about something that nobody understands? It would make him even more upset when someone said that they understood how he felt. Bullshit! No one could understand the pain that he felt every day and night. How could anyone possibly understand how it felt to be scared to die, but even more afraid to live? He thought about suicide a lot but didn't have the courage to actually go through with it.

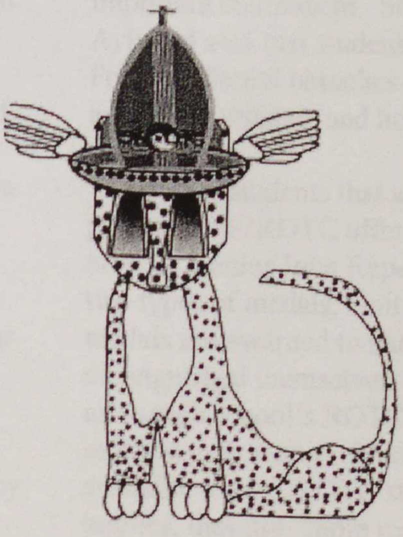
Later he walked down the hall to find his father still unconscious, meaning he would go without dinner once again. It was okay, though, he was used to it by now. It was a rare occasion when his father was actually awake long enough to stick a frozen dinner in the microwave for him to eat. David put his guitar away, shut off his light, crawled underneath his blanket, and after wiping a tear away, shut his eyes and fell asleep.

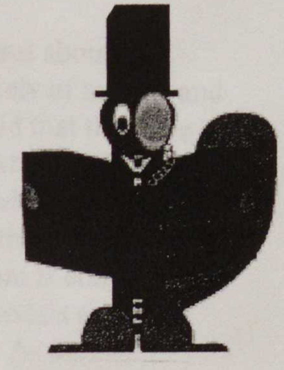
Lauren Cullati
Grade 12
Ms. Bertram
Submission to *The Observer*

The following is an additional excerpt of the Prologue of Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The prologue gives a brief overview of all characters involved in the pilgrimage to Thomas á Becket's shrine as well as the contest of telling the best tale.

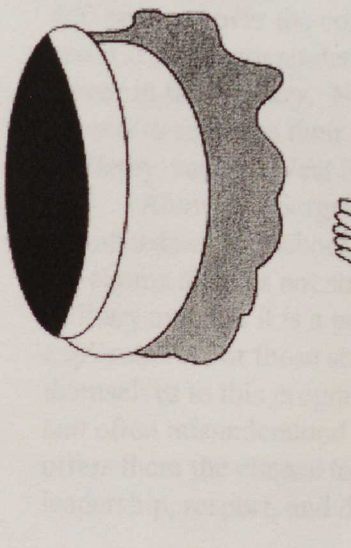
The "Entertainer"

There was a new addition to the bunch
Of pilgrims down the trail they were to crunch.
He was a fellow of peculiar race,
One that allows for violet-shaded face.
And oh, what texture of the skin he had;
He was a plush and cotton sort of lad.
He liked to sing and dance with progeny
On his television show called "Barney".
His goals in life were honorably sound;
To raise earth's children to be of well-round.
And though he smoked hookah pre-production
His game surely not: "expound corruption".
Quite his drinking problem was no matter,
Though the extra carbs have made him fatter.
And in his Barney bag he stored much toys
For Tina and the other girls and boys.
Inside the bag there also were more toys
That were not sound for either girls or boys.
There must be a rationalization,
Barney is the "dinosaur sensation!"
Like all entertainers he did world good
Like all entertainers he mocked sainthood
He once left bottled ale upon the floor
And now Michael is on the show no more.
For one who lies about true ambition,
He made an enlightening contribution.





Samuel Goldberg -08-
Animation



Everything You Never Knew About AFJROTC

by Jill Mazzetta

We've all seen them somewhere – in the halls, at assemblies, or perhaps practicing in the gym – and wondered just what they were up to. We've all done a double-take at the group of seemingly ordinary high school students who, every Tuesday, trade in their jeans and sweatshirts for a military uniform and then go about their day as if nothing were different. As Sergeant Kremer claims, many Peabody High students are quick to make assumptions about this group and don't understand the benefits of AFJROTC.

AFJROTC is relatively new to our school. The program is available to all high schools. Schools wishing to implement an ROTC program must apply online, much like a college application. PHS began offering its program in 1994, after Mr. Andruskiewicz and Mr. Metropolis filled out the application. Though our program is specific to the Air Force, programs focusing on the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps are also available.

The JROTC program has been overseen by the Pentagon for over 75 years, which also mandates that students enlisted in the program wear their uniforms on Tuesdays. But what is the difference between the camouflage and the blue uniforms? Sophomore Cassie Aylward explained that the camouflage uniforms are for everyday use, but the blue uniforms are usually reserved for special occasions such as assemblies. On "designated dress days," students are told which uniform to wear.

Many students sign up for AFJROTC because it fulfills our school's physical education requirement. Senior Justin Ciampa explained that AFJROTC students practice drills, such as marching, during the week. On Fridays, they play sports. However, it isn't just a Get Out of Gym Free card. Students in the program are expected to take the Army's fitness test twice a year, which is significantly more difficult than the one required in traditional gym classes.

AFJROTC students also learn several military drills, such as marching and presenting the colors. To the casual observer, these drills seem to be complex, precise, and difficult for new AFJROTC students to learn – which isn't too far from the truth.

"Usually about the first quarter the newer kids catch on. By the end of the second quarter they're pretty good at it," said Justin Ciampa.

Though the AFJROTC program focuses on physical fitness, the classroom is also an important component. Sophomore Cassie Aylward said that students learn about the Air Force, different branches of the military, aerospace science, and how to get into the military.

For students that are serious about the program, AFJROTC offers a variety of medals and honors. Senior John Repecko said that there are two types of medals, Unit and National. Unit medals are awarded to students who have distinguished themselves within their particular unit (each school's ROTC program is collectively referred to as a unit). National medals are available to any JROTC student. As the name implies, they are "more recognized" and require certain criteria.

Though AFJROTC is a military program, students are not required to enlist in the military. According to Sergeant Kremer, who has had about 400 students over the course of seven years, only about ten of those students have gone on to a career in the military. No PHS students have chosen to continue their education at a military academy, such as West Point.

Above all, Sergeant Kremer wants students to understand our school's AFJROTC program. He claims that it's not strictly about joining the military and that it is a good addition to a college application. For those students willing to commit themselves to this program, AFJROTC is a viable and often misunderstood course choice which offers them the chance to succeed while learning leadership, respect, and discipline.

James Jwanowski Per. 3
02/16/06

"The Goth"

I sat at my favorite table in my favorite pub,
This was located across from the old city club.
I sat with old friends, cracking jokes and nothing more,
Then silence came upon us as it crept through the door.
I looked at my companions in a state of confusion,
We all realized its presence was not a delusion.
As it moved closer we all shared a fear,
The angel of death had not come for beer.
The clanking of chains radiated from its walk,
Its clothes and apparel were as black as a hawk.
As it came closer, I barely made out its face,
Skin white as a dove, and expression not like an ace.
I looked into his eyes and he gave me a stare,
I felt like dying from his torturous glare.
To all, this man was a man no longer,
But compared to all others, his presence was stronger.
His company was like an echo, touching lives on no set course,
He feels no pain, nor pity, nor sorrow, nor remorse.
I thought of his existence as a wound or scar in life,
Like a radiated scream from nature as if struck by a knife.
Staring at him reminds me of a gaping hole,
The core is dark and mysterious, for empty is his soul.
What of his past? What sins has he committed? Could he be undone?
What actions or events could do this to a man? The answers are in possession of none.
Just by glancing at him you can feel his pain,
His soul is cast out, isolated, consumed by chains.
Much pain and sorrow has this one endured,
A dark path of the exile has he conjured.
As he moves, all can feel his spine shivering presence,
One will find it hard to finish one's sentence.
He moved towards the bartender and began to speak,
The sound of his deathlike voice made his soul weak.
The bartender nodded in relief as if he were agreeing,
Anticipation fell upon us from the events we had been seeing.
The bartender announced to everyone, "Not to fear,
For this *Goth* had no quarrel, at least not with anyone here.
He has traveled extensively from a town that is a far,
Could a kind fellow assist him to Salem in their car?"
Bravely I stated, "I will drive with you to Salem dearest traveler of death,
Spare my life for I am a father and husband whose wife's name is Beth."
As he turned his head slowly, he smiled at me,
I did not feel scared, but bizarrely filled with glee.
I have learned not to judge too quickly like I did on to this fellow,
For he is just ordinary, maybe a little too dark, maybe a little too mellow.
Since his mission, his quest is unknown and thou shall not be missed,
I now serve a man whose hand, by death, had been kissed.

Cinderella Man

By Kathleen Dolan

The movie *Cinderella Man,* directed by Ron Howard, is a poignant film about the power of love and determination. Jim Braddock (Academy Award Winner Russell Crowe) once had the potential to be a great boxer until he was struck down by the crippling poverty of the Great Depression. He struggles to keep his wife (Academy Award Winner Renee Zellweger) and his children from being forced onto the streets. Then, when he thinks he is out, he is given one chance, one fight, the undercard against an up and coming boxer. With only a day's notice and no opportunity to train, he takes the chance. His competition is one of the best boxers in the world, but now he knows what he is fighting for. He wins and later goes on to vie for the championship against Max Baer, a man who has already killed two men in the ring. At a time when America needed a hero the most, Jim Braddock shows just how far determination, hard work, and the love of family can take you.

Cinderella Man is the quintessential underdog story that depicts one man's determination to win a second chance for his family and himself. This film will warm your heart and make you believe again that anything can happen. The reason this film is so powerful and compelling is that it portrays the triumph of the human spirit against all odds. This movie is unforgettable and lasts through the ages.

Ride the Lightning Metallica

Ride the Lightning, an album from the originators of thrash metal, Metallica, is said, by many critics to be one of the greatest albums of all time. This album is as heavy as it gets, with a combination of melodic ballads dealing with loss and reality. *Ride the Lightning* has inspired young metal heads across this hell we call earth to grow their hair out.

For Whom the Bell Tolls is an explosion of music, and one of the band's best known songs. Fade to Black is a sad song with music similar to the sounds of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Metallica has created many more mellowed out recordings, but still is a success. Hopefully there are many more albums to come.

Travis Skidgell

Korn: Greatest Hits Volume One *Korn*

One of my favorite CD's is *Korn: Greatest Hits Volume One.* This is one of my favorite CD's because it has all of my favorite songs on the same disc. In my opinion, *A.D.I.D.A.S.* and *Another Brick in the Wall,* a cover song originally mastered by Pink Floyd, are the best songs on the album, along with *Word Up* and *Falling Away From Me.* The songs on this CD, released in 2004, were compiled from Korn's past albums Issues, *Follow the Leader, Take a Look in the Mirror, Life is Peachy, Korn,* and the compilation disc *Family Values.*

The sound of the CD could be considered industrial, but I consider it to be more like rap metal. The recording has great vocals and digital effects, along with some outstanding instrumentals. I would consider this to be one of the greatest albums of all times, hence the title *Greatest Hits.*

Cassie Aylward

Time creeps by in your shadow filled apartment. I'm lost in your bed and waiting for you to find me. It will be an innocent game of hide-and-seek, but will you seek? The hands on the clock tell me you might not. I hope you find me soon, because I'm suffocating under your sheets- not because of their weight, but because they smell like you and I'm missing you so much right now. Love, won't you find me?

By- Becky Kimball

Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

Let It Snow!

By: Kim Salvato

The first snowfall of the year. Kids' faces light up with delight and some cry tears of joy. Adults cry because they are reminded of the fierce winter ahead. Why is it that adults detest the cold, harsh winters and kids do nothing buy crave and adore them? Is there some chemical imbalance in either group? No. Grown-ups have just, well, grown up.

The snow starts falling and children everywhere tilt their heads back and stick out their tongues, letting the snowdrift onto their taste buds. Adults see the newly fallen flakes fluttering around them and start cursing about shoveling. Children look forward to snow man building, snow fight wars, snow angel making, hot cocoa drinking, intense sledding races, and last but not least, no school. Adults dread the shoveling, poor road conditions, cold weather, and last but certainly not least, their kids being home. Here is how the typical day unfolds…

Children wake up, look out their window, and run outside to jump in the snow. Adults wake up, look out their window, and mumble inappropriate words about their new enemy: snow. Adults then proceed to turn on the television and sigh loudly when they see the words "Peabody Public Schools – Cancelled." They slowly stagger to their children and finally part their lips for the dreaded words to escape: "no school."

Children everywhere excitedly put on their hats, gloves, scarves, jackets, snow pants, and many other layers before skipping outside to start building Frosty. Adults gloomily throw on layer after layer and then trudge outside to the below-freezing weather. Frost pinches their exposed skin and snow melts into cold water all around them. They start shoveling the heavy snow and mumble in exaggeration about how they are almost breaking their back and they will need a chiropractor as soon as possible. Maybe if their husband hadn't broken the snow blower, their life would be a little less stressful.

In the meantime, snow forts are built, just in time for the first snowball to be thrown. Hours are spent in the cold, playing in the magical white wonderland. Snow sparks the child's imagination and results in a fun-filled day. Finally, after about four hours, or when they are incredibly exhausted, they finally retreat into the house and beg adults to make them a nice cup of hot cocoa. Adulta then have no choice but to mix the chocolate powder and warm water to create hot chocolate for the fourth time that day. After drinking hot cocoa, which is also an energizer, the kids are now ready to return to the cold but this time bringing a sled. They spend hours riding down the same hill in their backyard but each time down the hill brings more excitement. After shoveling an entire driveway, all adults desire is to sit in front of a nice fire and warm up.

"Mom," they hear a little voice shout from outside. The adults rise from their comfortable spot on the couch in front of the television and walk out side to see what dare disturbs their brief respite.

"Watch this run!" The adults have no choice but to watch their child sled down the hill and applaud with a pretense of excitement. A half hour later, the children are still begging the adults to watch their identical runs down the hill as if each one were more intense.

"Oh, wow, honey. Looks great!" However, they're really thinking, "Yeah, looks as good as the last time you did it; the only way to make it different is to slam into the fence."

Finally, the snow day has come and gone. The only remaining evidence of it is the array of snow forts, snow angels, and snowmen scattering the backyard. Adults are cursing in the early hours of the morning about how snow is a waste of precipitation while children are sleeping soundly in their beds, dreaming of what to do tomorrow as the blizzard continues…

Happy
By: Labeidah Khader

What's happy?
If you can't see it, does that mean it's fake?
But since you can feel it, does that mean it's real?
Does happiness feel different to you than it feels to me?
It's quite a confusing question, and one I want the answer to
Do you know
What is happy?

Until
By: Labeidah Khader

Lies manifest inside our heads,
Until truth shines boldly through.
Memories fade, slowly disappearing,
Until history once again repeats.
Sorrows consume all of our souls,
Until happiness glistens in the dark.
Pain burns deep into our existence,
Until relief floods through our veins.
Blind rage overpowers,
Until clarity soothes the angered mind.
Loneliness suffocates our being,
Until love sets our spirits free.
Ignorance smears us with failure,
Until knowledge yields success.

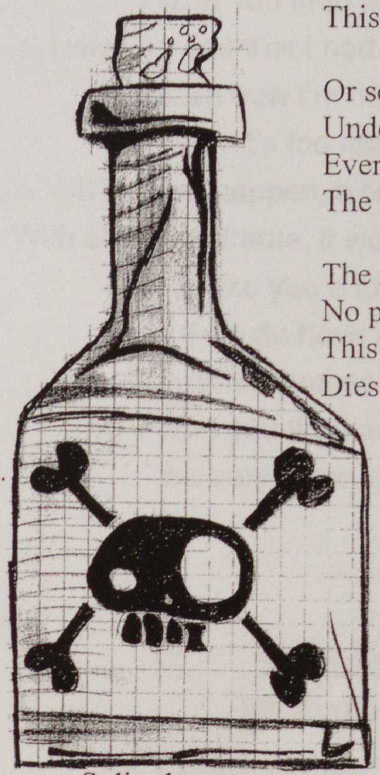
The Road to Nowhere
By: Derrick Silva

This dark and empty road,
It stretches for miles and miles.
The life in your heart, swallowed
Deep down inside.

My feet are sore and aching,
My shoes are running thin,
My bones are cold and shaking.
This road leads to nowhere.

Or so I've been told.
Under this streetlight,
Everything seems so cold.
The bleak moon above me.

The road, it has no end
No place to call my home.
This broken heart that cannot mend,
Dies out here in the cold.



J. Lendall

Solitude
By: Nicole Freeman

Solitude, such a beautiful word;
Solitude, all alone in the world.
Solitude, forever without;
Solitude, there's always a doubt.

Solitude, a life without him;
Solitude, where light is so dim.
Solitude, a place without love;
Solitude, no hope from above.

Solitude, I walk all alone;
Forever to wander,
No place to call home.
Always in Solitude

Solitude, my eyes are so closed;
Solitude, where no happiness knows.
Solitude, so apart from the world;
Solitude, such an unhappy word.

Solitude, there's nowhere to go;
Solitude, there no happiness grows.
Solitude, much darker each day;
Solitude, my world is this way.

Solitude, wherever I go,
There is Solitude,
But nobody knows
And so I always walk.

Alone Again

By: Kaitlyn O'Donnell

Four o'clock in the morning
Afraid to open my eyes
Another day of grief,
A day of fear.
All alone I feel.
I try to justify all the pain,
All of this guilt before my eyes.
Another day of confusion,
A day of wondering .
Is it ever just going to go away?
All this pain that I feel,
And all this anger, is it going to stay?

Ten o'clock in the evening,
Afraid of the nightmares.
Again my breathing stops.
All I can do is stare into the night.
What is it that causes this feeling?
Another night of crying,
A night of hiding,
Alone once again.
My heart feels empty,
And I cant cry another tear.
Another day wasted on insecurity,
A day of wonder.
Is this ever going to end?

So Very Close, Yet So Far Away

By: Cassie Aylward

It appears that neither path is right,
Either way I end up in a fight.
Do I follow my heart and lose a true friend,
Or do I stay single with a heart to mend.
So very close, yet so far away,
I liked you then as I like you today.
I wish so bad that I had asked you out that day,
Because now I'm here and I'm not okay.
Now it's too late for us to date,
It'll never happen, it could have been great.
With all of the drama, it would bring too much stress,
But I like you a lot, I must confess.
And if we do have a shot later in time,
Just remember this little rhyme.
I liked you then as I like you today,
So very close, yet so far away.

Miss Beautiful

By: Andrew Pezzella

Her hair is smooth and brown
Each strand is neatly bound
Her eyes are full of youth
They behold a glare of which makes you
Her smile lights up a room
It weakens your knees and warms your blood
Her infectious laugh makes you smile
It fills the room like a hot air balloon
Her beautiful face and uncanny taste
Makes the world a better place!

My Guardian Angel (Daddy)

By Cassie Aylward

There is only one man in this world who always has my heart.
I love him today as I've loved him from the start…
He cradles me in his arms when I feel that I need to cry.
But he bursts into tears when it's time to say goodbye.
He's my guardian angel who watches me from above.
No matter what happens, he shows undying love.
I wait for a letter every single afternoon.
And if there isn't one there, I pray there will be one soon.
Though my daddy can't be with me, he really tries his best.
It's been 8 months and counting; 4 months longer to this test.
The distance in-between us really sets my heart aflame.
No longer is this a joke; no longer is this a game.
I know my daddy loves me and he knows I love him too.
If ever I lost him I don't know what I'd do.

RED EYE

REVIEW

By: Ralph Carpinelli

The best horror-thriller of 2005. A new type of genre for famous horror movie director Wes Craven [*A Nightmare On Elm Street* and *Scream*]. The suspense takes flight at 30,000 feet in the air on the "red eye" flight to Miami. Lisa [Rachel McAdams, *Mean Girls* and The *Notebook*] realizes her seat mate, Jack [Cillian Murphy, *28 Days Later* and *Batman Begins*] is going to use her in a plan for a deadly assassination and if she doesn't help she'll lose someone that she loves.

Rachel McAdams is in a non-stop career of incredible acting. Cillian Murphy is chillingly frightening and has a strong Scottish accent but amazingly pulls off an American accent. The movie is full of suspense around each corner. The effects in this movie are excellent and believe it or not the big ending effect is real. You can buy the full screen or wide screen version of Red Eye on DVD at Best Buy for only $14.99. I give this movie an 8 out of 10.

FLIGHT PLAN

REVIEW

By: Ralph Carpinelli

An exciting mystery-thriller that keeps you on the edge of your seat guessing till the end. After her husband's unexpected death, Kyle Frat [Jodie Foster, *Silence Of The Lambs* and *Panic Room*] decides to move back to the U.S. with her 6-year-old daughter Julia but the flight has another plan for them both. Now that Kyle's daughter has disappeared she might have to deal with the reality of her daughter being an illusion. To find out the shocking ending of this amazing thriller, buy the full-screen or wide-screen version on DVD. You can find it at Best Buy for only $14.99. I give this movie a 9 out of 10.

THE FOG(remake)

REVIEW

By: Ralph Carpinelli

One of the worse horror movies and remakes ever even worse than "The *Amittyville Horror*"(2005). A terrible story line that makes almost no sense with the original "*The Fog*"(1979). The effects and acting are okay but the story line sucked. If they kept the original script and just added better effects and brought it up to date it might have been better than the original, but its not. The two lead roles are Tom Welling [*Cheaper By The Dozen* and the *WB's Small Ville*] and Maggie Grace [*Murder in Green which* and *ABC's LOST*]. If you are still interested in seeing it still rent it cause it's a waste even though its only $14.99. I give this movie a 3 out of 10.

The original "*The Fog*" was made by the creators of "*Halloween*", John Carpenter and Debra Hill. It is definitely worth seeing. Starring Adrienne Barbeau [*Creep show*] Jamie Lee Curtis [*Halloween*, *Prom Night* and *Terror Train*] John Houseman [*Ghost Story*] and Janet Leigh [*Psycho* and *Halloween:H20*]. I give this movie an 8 out of 10.

HOUSE OF WAX

REVIEW

By: Ralph Carpinelli

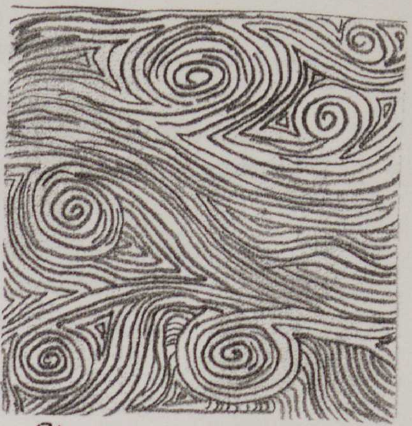
House of wax is one of the most bone-chilling slasher-flicks since Scream. A group of college kids take a detour on their road trip and are drawn to an eerie backwoods town. Soon they figure out what's happening and are forced to fight to survive the psychotic killings.

This movie has excellent special effects and decent acting. Elisha Cuthbert [*The Girl Next Door*] and Chad Michael Murray [*WB's One Tree Hill*] appear in their most thrilling roles yet. Brian Van Holt [*S.W.A.T.*] Jared Padaleci [WB's Supernatural] and Paris Hilton [Nine Lives] are in their most biggest role so far. The DVD is packed with tons of special features and can be found at Best Buy for $21.99.The soundtrack has plenty of great songs and is only $13.99.

BLINDING SMART

TEARS STEAM AS SILENT AS THE DEAD
COLD AS ICE A HAUNTED WINDOW BLOWS
HORRIBLE IMAGES FLASH NONSTOP
IN THE CENTER OF AN INSANE MIND
SWEAT CREEPS DOWN SLOW AND STEADY
FEAR PILES UP LIKE THE SANS OF TIME
A BROKEN SOUL WAITS SO FREELY
THE UNKNOWN STANDING AROUND THE CORNER
MENACING FANGS READY TO BITE
SHADOWY FIGURES LIKE DEMONS EVERYWHERE
THUNDER BOOMS LIKE THE DEVIL'S DRUM
PAIN BURNS DEEP LIKE AN ANCIENT FIRE
HOWLING INTO THE NIGHT
REALIZATION SHINES THROUGH THE DARKNESS
THE END HAS COME AT LAST.

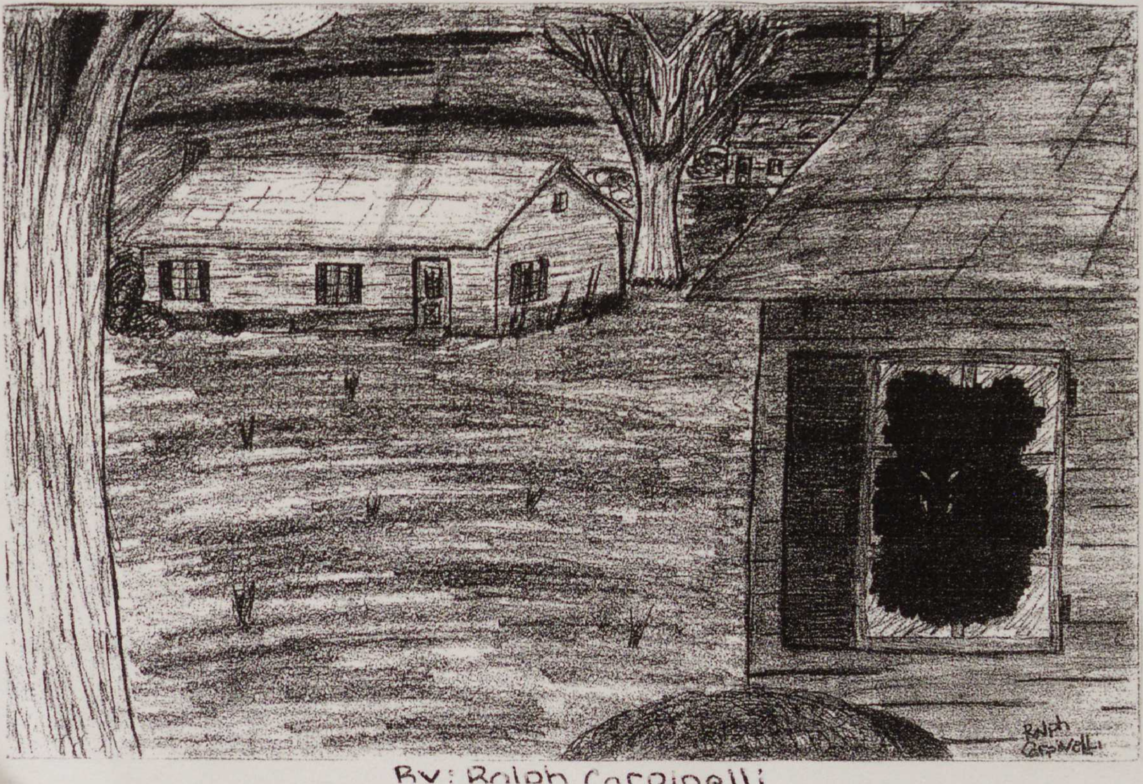
BY-LABEIBAH KHADER



By: Ralph Carpinelli

AS I WALK ALONG THESE ICY SIDEWALKS,
THE ONLY ONE BY MY SIDE IS MY SHADOW.
I CAN FEEL THE PAIN OF MY HEART BREAKING,
AS THE WIND CHILLS MY CHEEKS TO THE BONE.

-ANONYMOUS



By: Ralph Carpinelli

Life Time

No one would explain,
Explain what was wrong.
All she knew was it could be the end,
End of this heavenly song.
She did hide the pain, but only one person understood.
Understood what she needed to do to help her sister's song.
Song of Life, Dance, friends and romance.
They spent time not knowing what was going to happen.
Time of present, past and future thoughts.
The song, sent to heaven, became a miracle.
A miracle that will last two lifetimes.
Lifetimes of beauty, happiness, and sisterhood.

-Katelyn Gilbert

The Unborn Child

What ever happens to the unborn child?
Does it get a chance to live?
Does it come back to earth as something else?
Will it go to heaven and become an angel.
Is not being born God saying you're not ready to be born?
Sometimes it hurts to give it up!
But yet some have no choice.
So think of what was said in this little poem.
And ask yourself...
So what ever happened to the unborn child?

-Anonymous

JESUS, CLEO, AND KHAN

by Samuel Goldberg

The gates of Disney World opened before us, and when I say "us," I am referring to Cleopatra, Genghis Khan, Jesus Christ, and me. I had just gotten over the fact that for some random and crazy reason, Khan, Jesus, and Cleopatra were speaking English, which still profoundly confuses me. But anyway, on with the story.

As soon as Khan laid eyes on Cinderella Castle, he asked, "So, where are the castle's defenders?"

"It doesn't need."

"Interesting," said Genghis, scratching his chin. "Very peculiar indeed, because from here, it doesn't look like a very strong or stable structure."

"No, I mean, it doesn't need any becau–"

Khan cut me off, "But then again, this is the future, so it might have automated cannons instead of defenders."

"You're not letting me talk–"

"But they must be very powerful cannons, considering a lone trebuchet or catapult could probably take down most of these people-infested buildings beyond the castle's range."

I started to ignore Khan, who was continuing his explanation of why the brightly colored cartoon castle didn't stand a chance against attack, and then saying some sort of futuristic technology in the castle must prevent that kind of attack. I turned my attention to Jesus, busy trying to convince a store clerk he was indeed Jesus Christ so he could get a stuffed toy for a crying baby, and to Cleopatra, who was looking around, waiting for something interesting to happen.

Jesus eventually convinced the person at the counter to give him the toy, how I'll never know, considering when someone says they're Jesus Christ, usually they're joking or clinically insane. Jesus proceeded to give it to the crying baby, walked over past me and started talking to Khan.

"Wonder if the old boy realizes Khan won't stop yapping until you tell him how whatever he's talking about works," said Cleopatra.

"See," I began, smiling, "until you said 'Khan' I was going to respond with 'who do you mean, because they're both pretty old.'"

She stared at me like I was an idiot.

"Ya... so how's Horus?" I asked, trying to make conversation.

"The gods seem happy at the moment," said Cleopatra, seeming to be slightly disgusted by all the fat tourists and whiny kids. This begs the question of whether she meant the gods were happy *because* of all the fat people and whiny kids, or because they planned on smiting them with lightning bolts to the head at some time in the near future.

"I was just talking about Horus," said I, "not all the gods."

"Somebody mention God?" asked Jesus as he and Khan walked back over to us.

"Nope," I said quickly, not wanting to turn this into some sort of religious debate between the Egyptian gods and the Christian god, and let's just face it... pyramids are much cooler than churches.

The rest of the day pretty much played out like that. Jesus tried to help everyone in need by giving them our spots in line. Cleo usually just ignored us and then beat us so badly at games where you had to shoot things for points that we began to think the Egyptians had video games back in the good ol' days. Khan continued his policy of asking about everything, to the point at which I wouldn't be surprised if he was planning an assault on the place.

And I was right, for when we got out of the park, a Mongol was shooting a costumed mascot with fire arrows. Yup, never going to forget that day. Really wish I could, though.

The Soulman

By: Michael Englehardt

Heaven makes mistakes.

It was a sunny Saturday and Little Susie was sitting down outside of the hospital room where her baby brother was being removed via a large cut in her mother's abdomen. As she was just about to step out of her seat, a man stepped into the waiting room. He wore all light blue and white with a small hat, like that of a mailman. Little Susie looked at the man and he smiled back with shining-white teeth. He held a bag that seemed quite filled, but he carried it as if it were nothing. Susie's eyes showed puzzlement as she moved them up and down him, trying to see just exactly who he was. In the innocence that only children have, she asked him.

"Who're you?"

"I'm the soulman."

"What's a soulman?"

He smiled at how adorably she asked things. He loved kids, though he didn't get to see them much. He rummaged through his bag and took out a jar filled with a gold, viscous substance and opened the cover. He responded to her, then.

"A soulman is like a mailman, except with souls. And this," he lowered the jar to her eye-level, "is a soul."

"I thought people were born with souls."

"Well, they sort of are. They usually are, except sometimes, they aren't. That's when I come in, I deliver souls to people that don't have one when they're born."

"Why aren't they born with one?"

"Susie, sometimes, even Heaven can make mistakes. Many more people are being born than before, and sometimes, we just can't keep up. So the job of soulman was created several centuries before."

"I thought Heaven couldn't make mistakes."

"A lot of people do that, Susie. It's all right. I'm so sorry, though, I've got to go give this to your brother. Maybe we'll talk another time. Maybe when you're a mother."

A crimson blush filled her cheeks as he walked through the door and into the delivery room. After a mere few seconds, he walked back out, nodded his head to her, then continued out of the waiting room.

Heaven made an awful, awful mistake.

Johnny, the boy who had just been born, just had some ethereal, golden liquid poured all over him and he absorbed it into him. His body went pale for a moment, then shimmered a bit. It looked as if two sets of the Northern Lights were fighting inside his skin. Finally, they settled upon a barely-noticeable-yet-fully-existent spiral that covered his body.

Johnny already had a soul before the soulman came. In fact, he had just become the first being in the history of the universe to have two souls. The ramifications of this, no man, nor angel, nor demon could guess. Would he have to do only half the good deeds to get into Heaven? Would he have to do twice as many? Would his souls get ripped apart as he died? Maybe he could fill one soul with good and the other with evil like some sort of abnormal superhero, fighting crime during the day, but giving into temptations all during the night.

Many dead scientists were fascinated by this, thinking about it like it were an experiment. Many dead priests shook their heads, as if it were blasphemy, despite coming from Heaven itself. Angels, on the other hand, paid no attention. They rarely care about human affairs.

The soulman wasn't reprimanded. After all, they looked at his assignment sheet and there he was, Johnny Capper, son of Mary and Vincent, brother of Little Susie Who "Isn't Little Anymore, She Has a Brother." The blame was put on their new filing system – damn Windows 98!

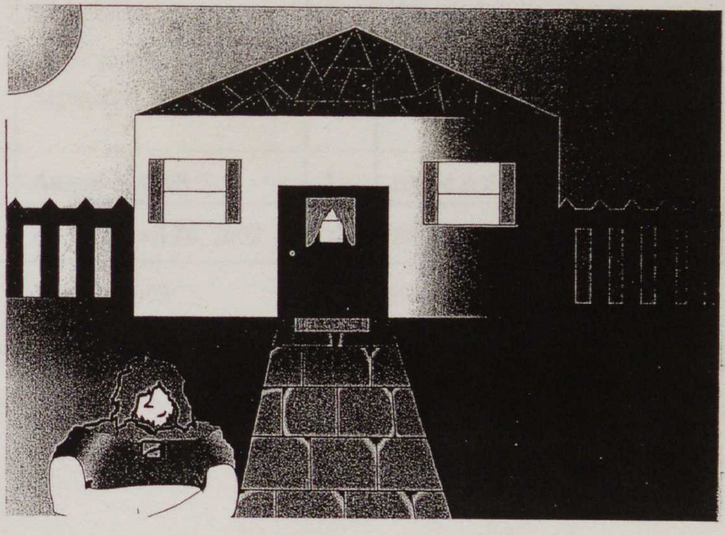
All of the dead in Heaven and the dead in Hell paid close attention to the case throughout the entire life of Johnny. He lived a normal life, of course, nothing was different from any other person. People commented on his "birthmark" at times, but that was about it. Fortunetellers would always have strokes when they tried to tell what was in his future. The real ones, at least. Animals loved him, too, which is why he had two dogs, four cats, a rabbit, a ferret, and two birds. It was nearly like he had control over them, people said. The actual case was just that they liked him. He had a warm personality and they wanted to respect him.

Johnny's life wasn't extremely eventful. He had extreme charisma – if he wanted, he could definitely control numerous cults. But he volunteered often. He gave to charities. He was, in general, a nice guy.

As he reached his nineties, all of Heaven looked down, except Metatron, who was off telling hobos that they were to be God's newest prophet. All of Hell looked up and complained of awful neck pain, because, after so many centuries, they had gotten used to the burning rods being inserted into places. Of course, these directions aren't so literal, as Heaven, Hell, and earth are on entirely different planes of existence. The seconds of Johnny's life ticked away until he was on his deathbed. Then the seconds lasted like hours. Everybody wanted to know exactly what would happen when he died, as if his life were some Jack-in-the-Box (not the restaurant). At last, as his family sat dolefully around him, he said, "goodbye." And he died.

The very moment in which he died, there was a rumble, a rumble that ripped through the universe like a booming thunder. On earth, there were record numbers of people experiencing déjà vu and cats running like crazy. In Heaven, the bliss stopped for a moment. In Hell, the torture was paused. Then, there was a "blip." Suddenly, there was a new plane of existence, which all the ethereal being automatically knew was Johnny's. It was very tropical in parts. Parts of Heaven and Hell began to become like the other, as if Johnny's plane were a giant magnet, causing a gradient of good and evil. The afterlife, suddenly, was much more neutral. Johnny was like his own god.

He invited the sister and the soulman and the three of them had a wonderful conversation over supper.



animation
-08 - donald mcphee

Movie	Release Date	People Killed	Tag Line
Halloween	October 25, 1978	5	The Night He Came Home
Friday the 13th	Friday, June 13, 1980	10	Fridays will never be the same
Halloween II	October 28, 1981	10	The Nightmare Isn't Over !
Friday the 13th part II	Friday, November 13, 1981	10	The body count continues
Friday the 13th part 3	Friday, August 13, 1982	12	A New Dimension in terror
Halloween III **season of the witch**	October 1982	21	The Night No one comes home
Friday the 13th **the final chapter**	Friday, April 13, 1984	13	Three times before, you've felt the terror, known the madness, lived in horror. But this is the one you've been screaming for.
A *Nightmare* on Elm Street	November 9, 1984	4	If Nancy doesn't wake up screaming then she won't wake up at all !
Friday the 13th part V **new beginning**	Friday, September 13, 1985	22	If Jason still haunts you, you're not alone !
A *Nightmare* on Elm Street 2 **Freddy's revenge**	November 1, 1985	10	Someone is coming back to Elm Street !
Friday the 13th part VI **Jason lives**	Saturday, August 2, 1986	18	Kill or be Killed
A *Nightmare* on Elm Street 3 **Dream Warriors**	February 27, 1987	8	If you think you'll get out alive .... you must be dreaming !
Friday the 13th part VII **New Blood**	Friday, May 13, 1988	16	On Friday the 13th , Jason is back. But this time someone's waiting.
A *Nightmare* on Elm Street 4 **The Dream Master**	August 19, 1988	3	terror beyond your wildest dreams
Halloween 4 The return of Michael Myers	October 21, 1988	17	Horror has returned to Haddonfield
Friday the 13th part VIII **Jason takes Manhattan**	Friday, July 28, 1989	19	New York has a new problem
A *Nightmare* on Elm Street 5 **The Dream Child**	August 11, 1989	3	It's a Boy !
Halloween 5 **The revenge of Michael Myers**	October 13, 1989	19	Michael live ... And this time they're ready
Freddy's Dead **The final Nightmare**	September 11, 1991	3	They saved the best for last
Jason goes to Hell **the final Friday**	Friday, August 13, 1993	12	Evil has finally found a home
Wes Cravens **New Nightmare**	October 14, 1994	4	This time staying awake won't save you
Halloween **the curse of Michael Myers**	September 29, 1995	14	Terror never rest in peace
Halloween H20 Twenty Years Later	August 5, 1998	7	Blood is thicker than water
JASON X	Friday, April 26, 2002	26	Evil gets an upgrade
HALLOWEEN **RESURRECTION**	July 12, 2002	10	Evil Finds Its Way Home
FREDDY vs. JASON	Friday, August 15, 2003	21	WINNER KILLS ALL

BY: RALPH CARPINELLI

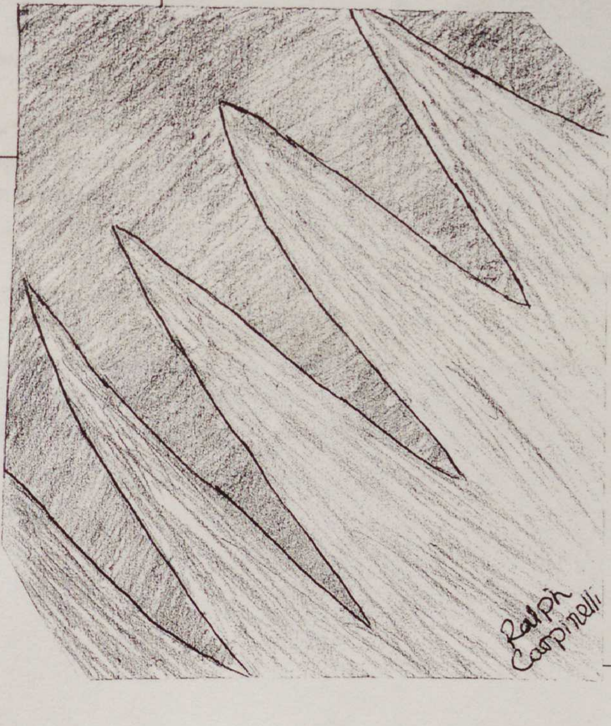
& I The Same For You

As the days & months go by
We have begun to grow on each other.
You were always there
For me & I the same for you.
Your habits have rubbed
Off on me, & I the same for
You. There is never a minute
We're not together, cause that
Would be abnormal. But
One night we had a fight
And now you won't even
Look at me. We pass each other
In the hall & not a word is said.
I'm so confused as to what
I've done but I'm sorry for whatever
It was! You never wanted to cause me
Pain & I the same for you. I hope
That we can work this out cause
I need your friendship and love
For you are the only one I have left.
You brought out the true me
& made me happy once again
Please just please don't
Take that away from me!
-Anonymous

The Over-Stressed Student

By Sara Mills

And finally with us was a student,
Working hard but not stressed. With prudent
Thoughts, she planned her assignments. Eyes half closed,
The cranky and emotional learner dozed.
Unkempt hair twisted in a ponytail
Swayed with the trot of her horse. Body frail
Under weight of many books. She was clothed
Like a recently woken up soul loathed
By Aphrodite and spoke rhythmically
With an assorted vocabulary.
These traits best describe the stressed student. She
Finished all her tasks, even ones we
Failed at, to the best of her ability and
Nothing less. Applying these vastly bland
Traits to her applications to college
And SAT tests was the only edge
She had that guaranteed her to succeed.
If she did not flourish in her school work,
Death would conquer her and she went berserk.
Her significant actions made her bleed
With pain from the nonexistence of her
Social life and free time. Life was a blur
To her. This way of life I am certain
She loved as did others that were hurt'n.
This victim of society was more
And more common. It was a shame a core
Program is not created to help in
Eliminating stress, which is a sin.



Lies
By Nicole Freeman

All the things you've ever said –
Lies – all of it, every one.
All the words you ever spoke –
Lies – forever, all to me.

All those thoughts so jumbled up,
Meant to hurt, always said.
Spoken daggers in my back,
They all slide in so easily.

Making real this world of hate,
Always breaking my poor soul.
Full of torture, cruelty, pain,
All of it was meant for me.

All the things you've ever done –
Lies – destroying my strong spirit.
All the actions that unfold –
Lies – you killed us all.

Words so swirling in my head;
You made sure my heart was dead.
All these actions that hurt me,
Killed my soul – and how it bled.

All those words that bind my limbs,
Blind my eyes with blackened tears.
Rage that boils deep within,
The feelings that you'll never know.

All the things I've ever known –
Lies – through and through.
All the pain I've ever felt –
Lies – it was caused by you.

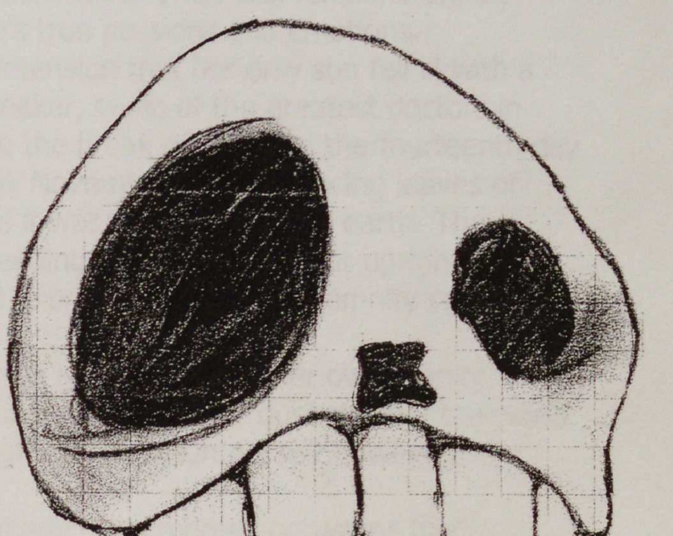
Voices screaming all around me,
Saying things I cannot hear.
All the pain once more hits me,
Knocks me to my knees in tears.

And my heart within me pounding,
Screaming, calling out in pain.
And my eyes forever crying,
Bleeding tears from all the hate.
Lies are all you ever told me.

Thin white thread that keeps us together, split by the slightest emotion. This tiny tightrope where our feelings balance snaps above a heartless and cold city, either end strapped to a building of animosity. The frames of the building are constructed with jealousy, with hurt. Paranoia peers out of both the windows of the adjacent buildings. Disaster strikes and the fragile tie is broken. Hell breaks loose within the inner-city boundaries. Constant competition creates skyscrapers from ordinary buildings. Constantly trying to tower over the other as if they were trying to be a bigger person. Remorse through a wrecking ball makes me yearn for the suburbs.

By Becky Kimball

The flow of the soft brisk air
Where nothing else is there
But the rough trees all bare
By: Nichole Titus



J. Lendall

THE DUCHESS OF VIENNA

by Sean Ouellette

They say his music aroused such passion that the virgin ears of young children were forbidden marriage to such dark, impure, suggestive harmonies. The music alone surely manifested itself to the full essence of Eve's apple: an Eden of fiery emotion splashed across the soul's canvas with his fingers and his hands – and at its climax, his whole self flowing unimpeded through his fingertips, aflame with an outpouring of mad fervor. His entire frame would swing into the carnival of chords and the piano would explode in a shadowy mosaic of violent passion. He was a man who knew no outlet for such a vast myriad of emotions other than his music. His name was Ludwig van Beethoven – the Maestro.

A certain duchess, in the course of her many years, had the distinct fortune of not only the man's acquaintance but also of his intimate friendship (as to the degree of intimacy I can pretend as to neither my knowledge nor its relevance). She was known throughout Vienna for her sophisticated taste and extravagant spending. Consequently, she frowned upon the indecent degree of unchaste emotion the Maestro's concerts had a tendency to evoke in naïve young audiences: women who were someday to become ladies of respectable stature such as she. How they fawned – how they sighed – how they'd lay their hands upon their breast and faint…Beethoven, though she held him in high esteem, was clearly nothing less than a bad seed in a budding garden. It seemed our Duchess of Vienna represented the very essence of pride and feminine dignity – shunning the classless communication of one's true passions and emotions.

It was at this high point of her own pretension that her only son fell ill with a high fever. With the child growing steadily weaker, some of the greatest doctors in Vienna began to lose hope. It was just before the break of dawn on the fourteenth day when the boy was finally laid to rest, the brisk November breeze dancing leaves of orange and crimson about the lavish coffin as it was lowered into the earth. The duchess was devastated. At the funeral proceedings, however, she sat upright: hands upon the dress of her black gown with a cold expression of bleak solemnity cast through eyes of tearless stone. She spoke to no one and in testament to her own dignity responded to neither summons nor offers of sympathy; for our duchess saw the world through a veil that fell like a gray winter's blight on the brightest wildflowers of the Viennese May.

The Maestro, who was known to had made on numerous occasions the acquaintance of the Duchess' only son, was expected in the public eye to offer his own condolences to his intimate friend, the grieving duchess. Nevertheless, he remained unexpectedly silent. He attended neither funeral nor wake and failed even to exchange a single word of consolation to his dear friend. Gossip soon spread of this cold and unfeeling lack of pity, for in the eyes of many, the man had abandoned his closest friend in her hour of need. "A friend of the Duke he fancies himself!" they would say. An "arrogant, callous gargoyle," they declared him. And all the while the composer

THE DUCHESS OF VIENNA

by Sean Costello

They say his music aroused such passion that the virgin ears of young children were forbidden marriage to such dark, impure, suggestive harmonies. The music alone surely manifested itself to the full essence of Eros's [illegible] an Eden of fiery emotion splattered across the room's ceilings with his fingers and his hands – and at its climax, his whole self flowing uninhibited through his fingertips, aflame with an outpouring of mad fervor, his entire frame would swing into the carnival of chords and the piano would explode in a shadowy mosaic of violent passion. He was a man who knew no outlet for such a vast myriad of emotions other than his music. His name was Ludwig van Beethoven – the Maestro.

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eyes of [illegible] stone. She [illegible] to no one and [illegible] to her own dignity [illegible] to neither [illegible] nor [illegible], for our duchess saw the world through a veil that fell like a grey [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible].

The Maestro, who was known to [illegible] for the [illegible] of the Duchess' only son, was [illegible] and to offer his own condolences to his intimate friend, the grieving duchess. Nevertheless, he remained unconsciously silent. He [illegible] for she [illegible] and [illegible] to exchange a single word of consolation [illegible] of the cold and unfeeling [illegible] of pity, for in the [illegible], the [illegible] his closest friend in her hour of need. "A [illegible] of [illegible]," [illegible] would say. An "arrogant, callous garçon," they declared [illegible] of the [illegible] the composer remained pensive and silent, spending long hours of wordless reflection in his study – pacing to and fro through the halls of his estate.

At long last, an invitation was extended from the estate of the Maestro to Vienna's most esteemed duchess. It seemed certain that in light of the Maestro's seemingly indifferent reaction to the death of her only son, she would decline. To the astonishment of many, however, she did not.

The study of Ludwig van Beethoven was a spacious but relatively unfurnished room with bare viridian walls and a floor of finely polished hardwood. A sole window filtered the pale moon beams into narrow threads of silver that broadened as they washed over the singular grand piano at the room's center.

The duchess arrived still graced with a certain luster of extravagance, even in her uncharacteristically plain cerulean dress. She wore a short sterling necklace embossed with a single sapphire, her silver-streaked hair tied tightly behind her neck. Maintaining a posture worthy of a polished head of state, she stared into the eyes of the Maestro through her dignified mask: a hardened gaze of somber formality.

His own eyes reflected a similar expression into her own, gradually coupled with an ever-so-faint implication of understanding that passed with more subtlety over his eyes than that with which twilight fades into night. Clad in a ruffled blue suit and high stockings, he had paid no heed to his crooked collar and the flowing mess of hair around his ears. His face was rough-looking but fair with a prominent Roman nose that had the unfortunate effect of giving his entire visage the appearance of a frown regardless of his true countenance.

Beethoven, looking down, turned and sat with ridged posture in front of the piano. The Duchess, all the while keeping her chin level, did likewise in a small wooden chair opposite the window. With a deep, measured sigh, he slowly settled his hands over the ivories. The manner in which he did this bore resemblance to the way a wary traveler might receive a waiting lover: tenderly laying his hands upon the keys with an overwhelming sense of comfort and relief. The first note colored the room with gentle shades of deep blue melancholy; The second painted a glimmer of hope; the third a montage of each of the former masterfully crafted into a single wave of emotion. The tempo gradually quickened. He smashed the chords in a torrent of fury, fingers a blur of sad, sweet, and passionate melodies dancing gracefully atop a raging tempest. Through the ensuing river of sound the Maestro played. He played for hours, yet time did not exist. Sweat poured from his forehead; grief poured from his soul; tears streamed from his eyes and rolled off his nose and his chin. Consumed in a mad, boiling fever, he played until his entire visage burned and contorted with ardor, and then, laying his head gently on the piano's ebony cover, he closed his eyes and struck the final note with all the softest, most beautiful misery he had left to muster.

And as pale moonbeams washed over his collapsed form, Vienna's most esteemed duchess dabbed a tear from her cheek with the tip of her handkerchief and walked with a dazed, uneven tread through the doors.